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AB
POPE'S GHOST:

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49,

BALLAD.

To the Tune of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

——— *What may this mean,
That thou Dead coarſe
Reviſit'ſt thus the Glimpſes of the Moon,
Making Night hideous.——*

SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LEWIS, on *Snow-Hill*, and ſold by the Booksellers
of *London* and *Westminster*. 1744.

(Price Six-pence.)

POPES GHOST:

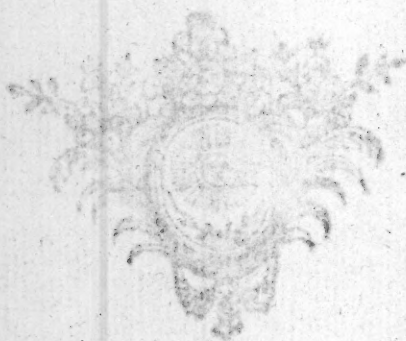
A

B A I L A D.



To the Town of William and Margaret.

What say the words
That then Dead come
Receipt the Glorious of the Moon
Mourning Night
SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N
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POPE'S GHOST:

A

BALLAD.

I.



WHEN Midnight's silent, solemn Hour,
Deep Sleep on all had spread,
A little, languid, grimly Ghost
Approach'd to COLLEY's Bed.

II.

With Clay-cold Hands it open drew
The Curtains at his Feet;
It's little Face most ghastly seem'd,
And whiter than the Sheet.

III.

It's lively, sparkling, fiery Eyes
Were sunk into its Head;
So will the noblest Face appear
When numb'd with the Dead.

B

C-BB-R

IV.

C-BB-R awake! the Phantom call'd,
With hoarse and dismal Cries,
I, from the dreary Grave am come,
By thee compell'd to rise.

V.

This is the dark and dismal Hour,
When Ghosts disturb'd do walk,
To rouse each guilty Wretch's Fears,
As round his Bed they stalk.

VI.

Those stand'rous Lines you made on me,
And stil'd an Epitaph*,
That pointless Satire reach'd the Shades
And made even *Fleecnoe* laugh.

VII.

Tho' black the Ink, and vile the Hand,
That wrote these *Grub-street* Rhimes,
Yet blacker still, and viler they,
Beyond a thousand Times.

* C-ll-y C-bb-r's Epitaph on Mr. Pope, as publish'd in the Daily Papers.

Our pious Praise on Tomb-stones run so high,
Readers might think, that none but good Men die!
If Graves held only such, POPE, like his Verse,
Had still been breathing, and escap'd the Hearse.
Tho' fell to all Men's Failings, but his own,
Yet to assert his Vengeance, or Renown,
None ever reach'd such Heights of *Helicon*!
E'en Death shall let his Dust this Truth enjoy,
That not his Errors can his Fame destroy.

Prince HENRY on the Death HOTSPUR.

Adieu! and take thy Praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy Ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remember'd in thy Epitaph.



How

VIII.

How could'st thou say, I Vengeance urg'd,
Or meanly fought Renown?
Strive not to murder other's Fame,
Because that thou hast none.

IX.

If that my Verse, still living, breaths,
Why flows that Gall of thine;
For know, that ever while it lives,
Thou for a Dunce wilt shine.

X.

To sacred Virtue, and her *Friends*,
I ever was a Friend *,
And what I aim'd in every Line,
Was still the World to mend.

XI.

For human Failings, 'tis well known,
I always had regard;
But where I Vice or Folly met,
'Twas there I never spar'd.

XII.

To scourge the Venal and the Dull,
I was design'd by Heaven;
To me (the haughty Knave to lash)
Keen Satyr's Rod was given.

XIII.

Alike, to me, were High or Low,
The Peasant, or the Prince;
I fairly lash'd the Fools, or Knaves,
And prais'd the Man of Sense.

* To Virtue and her Friends a Friend. POPE'S *Hor. Epist.*

XIV.

Prefumptuous now, thy dastard Pen
Sheds Scandal on my Tomb,
Reptile forbear, thou can'st not hurt,
So let my Dust alone.

XV.

Contented be to act the Part,
That *Nature* thee intended
For, having destin'd thee a *Fop*,
Thy Folly can't be mended.

XVI.

That Rubbish, rightly term'd thy *Works*,
For lining Bandbox fit,
In concert with thy duller Odes
Proclaim thee void of Wit.

XVII.

Resign the *Laurel*, ill confer'd,
To some deserving Bard:
Forego thy Sack and Pension too,
Nor dare to think it hard.

XVIII.

Then shall the R-----l G-----s Name
To future Ages reach;
But all *thou* blust'rest in his Praise
Serves only for the B----h.

XIX.

To each new mercenary L----d,
To every venal P----r,
Remain *Buffoon* and Parasite,
And still partake their Cheer.

So

XX.

So may'st thou now despised live,
And when thy Carcase rots,
Thy Fame with *Dunces* shall survive,
The Toast of rhyming Sots.

XXI.

Vice now may unmolested wear,
The Coronet or Gown,
Triumphant reign in C----h, or S----te,
Nor dread the m-t-r'd Frown.

XXII.

The *Quondam Patriot* now may in
The *wiley Statesman* shine ;
And seeming *England's* Good to seek,
His Country undermine.

XXIII.

Britannia's Sons may now forsake,
Their injur'd Mother's Cause,
And by degrees yield tamely up,
Her Liberty and Laws ;

XXIV.

May, unrepached, act like Slaves,
In *Gallic* Regions born :
Exhaust her Wealth, and curb her Power
To purchase *Europe's* Scorn,

XXV.

And thou thyself, vile Parasite,
These piteous Times shalt rue,
But hark ! the Cock's tremendous Voice
Warns me to bid adieu !

But

XXVI.

But let my Ashes rest in Peace,
 Bespatter not my Tomb,
 Caitiff beware,-----tho' now I part,
 — The Day commands me home:

XXVII.

Nor let thy groveling Muse pollute
 Thy Sovereign's awful Name,
 Whose royal Virtues well deserve
 A *British Homer's* Flame.

XXVIII.

The Dawn appear'd, the Morning rose,
 And gayly shew'd her Head;
 While C-ll-y pale and trembling lay,
 And all b---t the Bed.

XXIX.

Thrice then he ope'd his Lips to pray,
 But Fear had stop'd his Speech;
 O Fortitude, why can'st thou not,
 In time to stop his * * *

XXX.

Dulness (bold Goddess) took th' Alarm
 And forward urg'd her Flight;
 To shield him in her Parent Arms
 And dissipate his Fright.

XXXI.

Th' indulgent Mother cheer'd her Son,
 And lull'd each Fear away,
 And C-ll-y fell to writing Odes
 To hail the annual Day.

F I N I S.

